

311**"White Man In Hammersmith Palais"**Visit "[White Man In Hammersmith Palais](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Midnight to six man
For the first time from Jamaica
Dillinger and Leroy Smart
Delroy Wilson, your cool operator

Ken Boothe for UK pop reggae
With backing bands sound systems
If they've got anything to say
There's many black ears here to listen

But it was Four Tops all night
With encores from stage right
Charging from the bass knives to the treble
But on stage, they ain't got no roots rock rebel
On stage, they ain't got no roots rock rebel

Dress back jump back, this is a blue beat attack
Jones'in won't get you anywhere
Fooling with your guns
The British Army is waiting out there
And it weighs fifteen hundred tons

White youth, black youth
Better find another solution
Why not phone up Robin Hood
And ask him for some wealth distribution?

Punk rockers in L.A.
They won't notice anyway
They're all too busy fighting
For a good place under the lighting

The new groups are not concerned
With what there is to be learned
They got Burton suits, ha, you think it's funny
Turning rebellion into money

All over people changing their votes
Along with their overcoats
If Adolf Hitler flew in today
They'd send a limousine anyway

And the all night drug-prowling wolf
Who looks so sick in the sun
And the white man in the Palais
But you go looking for fun

I'm only looking for fun
Oh, please Mister, leave me alone
And I'm only looking for fun
Looking for fun, ow

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